

RICHMOND ON THE "JAMES."

*"And on my heart, dear Comrade, close lay those nut-brown braids
Of one that was fairest of all our village maids ;
We were to have been wedded, but Death, the Bridegroom claims,
And she is far, that loves me, from Richmond on the James."*

MUSIC COMPOSED BY
T. F. BAYLEY.

Piano.

Guitar.

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RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

Composed by

T. E. Bayley.

Andante
Affettuoso.
mp

2nd V. But one still stood be - side him, his com - - rade in the
1st V. A Sol - - dier boy from Bour - bon lay, gasp - - ing on the

fray They had been friends to - geth - - er Through
field When - bat - - tle's shock was o - - ver and the

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1863, by T. E. Bayley, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ky.

C. R. (purchased from Marion Wallace) March 1952

4 boy -- hood's hap-py day And side by side had struggled on
foe was forc'd to yield He fell, a youthfull he-ro be-
ral -- a tempo.

fields -- of blood and flames To part that eve near
- fore -- the foe-man's aims On a blood -- red field near
legato -- e -- ral a tempo.

Rich-mond- near Rich -- mond on -- the James.
Richmond- near Rich -- mond on -- the James.
ad lib.
colla voce a tempo. mf

cal -- an -- do.

3

He said, "I charge thee, Comrade, the friend in days of yore,
Of the far, far distant dear ones that I shall see no more,
Tho' scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well known name,
To bear to them my blessing from Richmond on the James.

4

Bear my good sword to my brother, and the badge upon my breast,
To the young and gentle sister that I used to love the best;
But one lock from my forehead, give the Mother still that dreams,
Of her Soldier boy near Richmond— near Richmond on the James.

5

Oh I wish that Mother's arms were folded round me now,
That her gentle hand could linger one moment on my brow,
But I know that she is praying where our blessed hearth—light gleams,
For her soldier's safe return, from Richmond on the James.

6

And on my heart, dear comrade, close lay those nut—brown braids,
Of one that was the fairest of all our village maids,
We were to have been wedded, but death the bridegroom claims,
And she is far, that loves me, from Richmond on the James.

7

Oh does the pale face haunt her, dear friend that looks on thee?
Or is she laughing, singing in careless, girlish glee,
It may be she is joyous, and loves but joyous themes,
Nor dreams her love lies bleeding near Richmond on the James.

8

And 'though I know, dear comrade, thou'lt miss me for awhile,
When their faces— all that lov'd thee— again on thee shall smile,
Again thou'lt be the foremost in all their youthful games,
But I shall lie near Richmond— near Richmond on the James."

9

And far from all that loved him, that youthful soldier sleeps,
Unknown among the thousands of those his Country weeps;
But no higher heart nor braver, than his, at sunset's beams,
Was laid that eve near Richmond— near Richmond on the James.

10

The land is filled with mourning, from hall and cot left lone,
We miss the well— known faces that used to greet our own;
And long poor wives, and mothers shall weep, and titled dames,
To hear the name of Richmond— of Richmond on the James.

